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One Halfpenny.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE'S WEDDING YESTERDAY.



Very quietly, by special licence, without music or decoration, Mr. Marshall Field, the proprietor of the enormous Marshall Field stores in Chicago, was married to Mrs. Caton, an American lady, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday. The photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field leaving the church after the ceremony, while on the left is an excellent snapshot, the first taken since he arrived in England, of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, who was one of the few guests.

FRANCE'S ULTIMATUM TO MOROCCO EXPIRED YESTERDAY.



The strained relations between France and Morocco, brought about by the arrest of a French subject and the refusal of the Sultan either to apologise or pay an indemnity or punish the Kaid responsible for it, reached a critical stage yesterday. The French Government delivered an ultimatum, and ordered its Minister at Fez to prepare to leave the city. The photograph on the left shows the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, the third figure on the left, in consultation with Kaid Sir Harry McLean and two other officials, while that on the right shows a review of Moorish troops, which are now being rapidly mobilised.—(Avery.)

MOORISH SULTAN DEFIES FRANCE.

Disregards the Ultimatum
Which Expires To-day.

READY TO STRIKE.

France Will Take Up Arms in
Default of Reparation.

This is an anxious day in the Chancelleries of Europe. Unless the Sultan of Morocco makes amends to France within a few hours, a French expedition may invade his territory, and French warships may shell Tangier and the other coast towns.

The situation is so serious that it has completely diverted attention from the Far East of bustling modern activity to the Near East of the Mosque, the Seraglio, and Oriental loth.

The matter stands thus. A few weeks ago the Sultan's troops captured a French Algerian subject named Bumzian, and cast him into prison. France, naturally, resented this outrageous act; she demanded the release of her subject, and the payment of an indemnity.

With the usual Oriental evasiveness, the Sultan played with the question until France's patience was exhausted, and an ultimatum was presented.

INADEQUATE REPARATION.

Last week the Moorish authorities released Bumzian, but in doing so sent a long communication to the French Legation disputing the French claim to jurisdiction over Algerians settled in Morocco. They declared that they released the prisoner as an act of courtesy towards a friendly nation, and suggested that the principle at issue should be referred for discussion to the forthcoming conference on Morocco.

It was, in short, an entirely inadequate answer. There was no apology, no offer of complete reparation. A great European Power could not possibly accept such a compromise, and France's only reply was a fresh ultimatum, demanding the payment of £6,000 and an apology.

The ultimatum expires to-day. If Morocco does not—

- (1) Apologise for the arrest;
- (2) Punish the Governor responsible; and
- (3) Pay the indemnity,

the French Minister will leave Fez, and a military demonstration will probably follow on the Algerian frontier. At the same time French cruisers will leave for Tangier and Mogador.

THE KAISER'S INFLUENCE.

Such is the situation on the surface. If the secret history of the incident could be written it would be doubtless found that the strange obstinacy of the Sultan is due, not to fanaticism, but to the workings of German influence. Before the Kaiser went to Morocco the Sultan had a wholesome dread of France, but after the Kaiser had put his ever-restless finger into the Moorish pie the potentate of Fez imagined that he was at liberty to flout France with impunity.

He has followed up the cue with clumsy eagerness, and the Kaiser's pinprick to France may develop into a very great European question. The Paris Government is apparently determined not to let itself be flouted by a half-civilised Power; Great Britain is wholly in sympathy with her; and the Kaiser has either to place himself in a dangerous position, or allow his protégé to reap the reward of his folly.

It is, of course, possible that the Sultan may retreat at the last moment. If he does not, the situation is fraught with great and unpleasant possibilities.

FRANCE'S APPEAL TO ARMS.

PARIS, Tuesday.—Most of the newspapers this morning agree with the view that if Morocco does not give full satisfaction to the French demands France must resort to severe measures.—Exchange.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

BERLIN, Tuesday.—Prince Buelow, the Imperial Chancellor, yesterday had an interview of some duration with M. Bihourd, the French Ambassador. It is semi-officially stated that Dr. Rosen, who has been designated for the post of German Minister at Tangier, is about to proceed to Paris in order to discuss personally with the French Government certain questions on which an understanding must be arrived at before the meeting of the conference on Moroccan affairs.—Reuter.

A Tangier telegram states that the Jew who was killed there on the 2nd inst. was not of French nationality.

GIRL-QUEEN'S MISERY

Pathetic Story of an Unhappy
Marriage.

SHATTERED IDEALS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE HAGUE, Tuesday.—Tragedy has cast its red mantle over many European thrones in various guises, but surely, with the exception of the Hapsburg dynasty, no greater depth of pathos can be shown than in the life of the unhappy young Queen who rules over the Netherlands.

Only four and a half years ago, when she wedded, by her own choice, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Queen Wilhelmina, looking forward from the threshold of her married life, was the picture of sweetness and youth.

Alas, for the vanity of human hopes! The Prince Consort was heavily in debt on his marriage, the moneylenders were veritable Shylocks, and the little Queen found herself compelled, out of her own private purse, to help him redeem his fallen fortunes, for the Dutch Parliament was characteristically parsimonious.

That was the first cloud that marred the marital horizon, and it also served to enhance the German princelet's unpopularity in Holland.

MORE EMBITTERED.

Duke Henry does not get a single guilder by way of allowance from his adopted country. Should the Queen predecease him and leave issue he will get 100,000 guilder a year for the rest of his life; should she die childless he will be practically a pauper.

And so came the second rift in the lute. The hopes of an heir to the throne have been more than once dashed to the ground.

The Prince Consort's naturally "dour" disposition became more and more embittered by his disappointments, and the domestic misery of the unhappily-matched couple culminated three years ago in a terrible quarrel that for a time became the world-scandal of Europe.

It was patched up, only to send the Queen to a bed of sickness, where for weeks her life was despaired of.

To-day Wilhelmina is but the shadow of her former self. Her brief twenty-five years of life have apparently continued forty.

Bowed with sorrow and shattered ideals, and broken in health, her once happy countenance careworn and weary, the brilliance of her glance dimmed by hopeless longing for the unattainable, the little Queen has earned the ungrudging pity of all.

COVERING A BROKEN HEART.

Her people's love can never be alienated, but the grim palace in Amsterdam and the pretty chateau at Loo cover the broken heart of their young mistress. The fierce light that beats upon thrones casts correspondingly deep shadows, but nowhere are they darker than over the prematurely old girl-Queen whom fate has drawn from her happy maidenhood to rule over the destinies of the Netherlands.

And there is no ray of light to pierce through the pall and light the way to future hope.

ROYAL WELCOME.

Prince Henry of Prussia Greets the British
Destroyer Fleet.

Prince Henry of Prussia arrived at Flensburg from Kiel yesterday on board the yacht *Carmen* in order to greet the British destroyer flotilla anchored off the Muerwik Naval Station, says Reuter.

Rear-Admiral Winslow, commanding the destroyer flotilla, visited Prince Henry, who subsequently returned the visit on board the British destroyer.

PROMISING ARTIST DIES.

England Loses a Notable Illustrator in Mr. J. Ley Pethybridge.

The death is announced of Mr. J. Ley Pethybridge, an artist and book illustrator of great promise. He succumbed on Sunday to a painful internal malady.

Mr. Pethybridge had contributed paintings to various exhibitions, but had lately devoted most of his attention to book illustration.

The late artist, who was about 35 years of age, was the second son of Mr. E. Pethybridge, J.P., of Launceston, Cornwall.

TO SWITZERLAND BY BOAT.

Bale, in Switzerland, is about to become a port, as it has been made clear by the numerous trials that have taken place this year that the Rhine is navigable by steamer as far as that town.

CHIVALROUS CARE OF WOMAN'S HONOUR.

Student Goes to Prison Rather Than
Compromise Millionaire's Wife.

The romance of a young man who has endured two years' imprisonment in the Sing-Sing Prison, New York, is about to come before the American courts on the plea that he should be at once pardoned.

It was about two years ago that this young man, of high social position, came to New York from the West to visit several of his old classmates.

At a dance he met a beautiful matron, then about twenty-three years old. She was married to a millionaire of prominent name, living in New York City, but operating factories in New Jersey.

The woman and the young man were attracted to each other. He called to see her. Then there followed other meetings at her home when her husband was absent.

The husband was of a violently jealous disposition, and heard-rumours about his wife and the student.

One day he went to his factories and said he would not be home that night. He changed his mind and returned about eleven o'clock. When he reached his home his wife and the young man were together.

Faced with a horrible position, and eager to save the name of the woman he loved, the young man hid behind the curtains, and when discovered acted as a burglar, had a sharp struggle with the husband, and was arrested.

When charged, he said he had come to burgle the place and had terrorised the wife with a revolver.

Under an assumed name he was tried, admitted burglary, and was imprisoned. Since then the wife's husband has died, and now she intends to spare no expense to secure his release by laying before the authorities the whole facts of the case.

WITNESS TO PEACE TREATY.



Mr. Pierce, who represented Mr. Roosevelt at the signing of the peace treaty yesterday.

MARRIED THE DENTIST.

Disinherited Daughter After All Receives
£1,500,000 of Her Father's Estate.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PITTSBURG, Tuesday.—A great cause célèbre has been settled. The will of Mr. Lockhart, the millionaire Standard Oil magnate, will not be contested.

His favourite daughter married Mr. Flower, the family dentist, and for that she was disinherited. Her father left a fortune variously estimated at £12,000,000 to £28,000,000, and she demanded £2,000,000 as her share.

The matter has been before the courts, but now Mrs. Flower has accepted £1,500,000 as a compromise, with the stipulation that she will have no further claim on the estate.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A train ran off the rails near Purmerend, Northern Holland, one person being killed and twelve injured.

Major Charles Henry Dudley Ryder, of the Royal Engineers, has been appointed to the Distinguished Service Order in recognition of his services in Tibet.

The building once known as the Theatre des Nouveautés, at Toulouse, which has for some time been used as a concert-hall, was totally destroyed by fire yesterday.

A fire has broken out in the pine forest of Tartagine, in Corsica, and several thousand pine-trees have been destroyed. Troops and inhabitants have been powerless to subdue the fire.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Westerly to southerly winds; fair at first, less settled later, with rain at times; mild.
Lighting up time: 7.35 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east, rather rough in the west.

PEACE TREATY TEXT.

Japan's Gain of All She Demanded
Before the War.

DIVIDED SAGHALIEN.

While the whole world has been waiting for the signature of the treaty between Japan and Russia the text of that treaty, which the plenipotentiaries met to sign yesterday, has been published.

Although its publication is not official, there can be little doubt that the report sent by the correspondent of the "Matin" is substantially accurate. In effect, the text shows that Japan gains all that she asked for before the war commenced, although abandoning many of the demands she made at the opening of the peace negotiations.

In the chief articles of the treaty, the preponderating interests of Japan in Korea are recognised by Russia, the evacuation of Manchuria by the troops of both countries is assured, and the rights acquired by Russia over Port Arthur and Dalny are ceded to Japan.

Russia cedes to Japan the southern half of Saghalien as far as the fiftieth parallel of north latitude with the towns therein situated.

Russia and Japan undertake to exchange their prisoners of war, each Power refunding to the other the actual cost of the maintenance of the prisoners.

The ratification of the treaty is to be counter-signed by the Sovereigns of the two States within fifty days after the signature of the treaty.

RUSSIAN THANKSGIVING.

PORTSMOUTH (N.H.), Tuesday.—The Russian archimandrite and a few York, accompanied by twenty priests and seventy chorists, has arrived

JAPAN'S PEACE ADVOCATE.



Baron Kaneko, who advocated the acceptance of the Russian peace terms.

here by special train to take part in the thanksgiving service which will be held in the Episcopal Church after the signature of the treaty.—Reuter.

COSSACKS CHARGE A MOB.

Reservist Disturbances Lead to Scenes of
Bloodshed at Libau.

LIBAU, Monday.—The reservists called out here were marching to the station on Saturday evening when a large crowd blocked the road and broke through the accompanying regulars, calling upon the reservists not to leave.

The Cossacks were ordered to charge and dispersed the demonstrators. The soldiers opened fire on them, forcing an entrance into one of the houses, killed nine and wounded twenty-four persons. A policeman was killed and a soldier wounded. About 150 arrests were made.—Reuter.

THIEVES AS "SPORT."

Enraged Populace Form a Lynching Organ-
isation To Stamp Out Robbery.

The recent attempt on the part of the populace of the Azov district (says the St. Petersburg "Sviet") to lynch thieves that overrun the locality has led to a curious development.

Workmen have formed themselves into a society to act as informal police and to suppress the robbers by shooting them down. As these original sportsmen, however, occasionally fail to discriminate between known thieves and strangers, visitors to the neighbourhood are not having a happy time of it.

RUSSO-PERSIAN TREATY.

As the result of the Shah of Persia's visit to St. Petersburg, it is stated that a Russo-Persian commercial treaty is to be arranged.

The treaty, it is reported, debars the Shah from granting concessions to foreigners without the consent of the Russian Government. Russia will

ECLIPSE AND CHOLERA.

Astrologer Declares That the Two Are Intimately Connected.

SPREAD OF THE SCOURGE.

Last week's eclipse and the wave of cholera which is spreading eastward through Europe are believed by astrologers to have a most intimate connection.

"An eclipse is always followed by a great calamity," said a well-known astrologer to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"This time the eclipse occurred while the sun was in the sign of Virgo, which is believed to govern the internal organs of the body. We therefore concluded long ago that an outbreak of cholera would accompany it."

"When the sun is eclipsed it means danger to all those places, persons, and parts of the body which are associated with that part of the Zodiac the sun occupies during its eclipse."

Places Likely To Be Affected.

"This eclipse is therefore thought to mean danger to the following places:—

Lyons.	Switzerland.
Naples.	Russia.
Paris.	Turkey.
Reading.	Bale.
Gandia.	Chiltenham.
Grosia.	Heldersheim.
Greece.	Jerusalem.
Lower Silesia.	

"I think the eclipse will affect the unemployed, too, for Virgo also rules labour and the working classes."

Turning to other disasters which he asserted would in all probability follow this eclipse of the sun, the astrologer said:—

"The eclipse was expected to affect the destinies of the Queen of Holland, for whom divorce is predicted; the Crown Prince of Japan, whose country is blessed with news of peace; the late Speaker, whose wife was ill at the time of the eclipse; and the Tsar of Russia, whose life is believed to be in grave danger."

CHOLERA SPREADING.

Many Fatal Cases Reported from Various Towns in Prussia and Austria.

Reports from various districts show that cholera is spreading in the most alarming fashion on the Continent.

The official "Staatsanzeiger," of Berlin, stated yesterday that during the previous twenty-four hours eleven cases of cholera and one death were officially reported in the State of Prussia. This brings up the total to seventy-seven cases and twenty-four deaths.

Eleven cases have occurred among a battalion of soldiers near Dirschau, on the Vistula, and in the basin of the River Weichsel sixteen different places are affected. Twenty-two Government doctors have been sent to East Prussia to take charge of the sanitary arrangements.

Austria has also been invaded by the disease, and in the provinces of Galicia and Bukovina 200 deaths are already reported to have occurred.

SAFEGUARDING ENGLAND.

Elaborate Precautions To Prevent Cholera Reaching This Country.

With Asiatic cholera spreading in parts of Germany and along the shores of the Baltic Sea, the medical authorities of the Port of London are taking extraordinary measures to prevent the dread disease from creeping into this country.

The appearance of a vessel from the Baltic or North Sea at Gravesend is considered a danger signal. The medical officer at once puts out in a launch to board her.

A searching medical examination is then made of every person on board. A slight fever or irregularity in pulse is enough to arouse the suspicion of the vigilant officials.

If the vessel is found free from disease, those on board are allowed to land at London after their names and addresses have been given to the authorities. After that they are carefully watched by the local medical officers until the dangerous period of incubation passes.

A single trace of disease of any sort is enough to hurry the crew and passengers off to Denton, near Gravesend, where the infected persons are at once placed in the Port Sanitary Hospital.

"We have not found the least trace of cholera as yet," said an officer of the port yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*, "and with the extreme precautions we are taking the danger of a cholera-infected person slipping by us is very slight."

Similar rigid precautions are now being taken at Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other ports.

"DR. WAKE'S PATIENT."

Feeble Comedy Produced at the Adelphi Last Night.

Mr. Otto Stuart must imagine that playgoers fond of Shakespeare have very simple dramatic tastes in other directions. "Dr. Wake's Patient," the first modern piece he has produced at the Adelphi, is positively infantile. Cut down a bit, it would be an ideal entertainment for a penny reading or a Sunday-school treat.

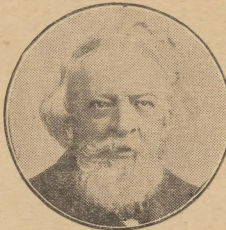
The Lady Geranium—no, beg pardon, Geranium—daughter of the Earl of St. Olbin, is thrown from her horse in the country and attended to by a young doctor. Her haughty parents appearing on the scene and sweeping her off, she does not say goodbye to him or even discover his name. For months she pines for love of the unknown. Then her parents send her to see a famous nerve specialist.

You guess who the specialist is? Not the young doctor? Yes, there are actually living on this globe in the year 1905 A.D. two authors whose faith in the public appetite for coincidence is strong enough for that. Their names are Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord. Mr. Mackay palliates his offence by appearing in the piece and being quite funny. There is no extenuating circumstance in the case of Mr. Ord.

After this they spin out two more acts by making the course of true love run not quite smoothly, but the play is, for the experienced playgoer, already over. It has no "side-shows." The characters are of the good old crusted melodramatic type, and the dialogue is, to borrow the catch phrase of the one comic character, "absolutely" commonplace.

Miss Braithwaite manages to make the Lady Geranium charming in a childish sort of way, and Mr. Holland struggles manfully with the doctor's part. For the rest, the cast is undistinguished. If all the people who revel in penny novelettes can be induced to flock to the Adelphi the piece will be a success.

MISSING PROFESSOR.



Mr. George Augustus Simcox, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, who disappeared from his hotel at Ballycastle eight days ago.

ISOLATION OF JAPAN.

Typhoon Causes Enormous Havoc and Breaks the Telegraph Cables.

Intense anxiety has been caused in a great many quarters by the strange absence of news from Japan.

But while rumour of insurrection and other evils has been rife, the explanation is quite simple.

On inquiry at the Japanese Legation yesterday the *Daily Mirror* was informed as to the true reason. A terrific typhoon has been raging off the coast of China, and has been the cause of the breaking of the cables between Japan and the continent of Asia.

The Great Northern Telegraph Company state that the cable ships are already at work repairing the damage, and they expect communication to be restored to-day.

MANAGERESS OF THE LYCEUM

Mrs. Barrasford To Take the Helm When Sir Henry Irving's Old Theatre Reopens.

The announcement that Mrs. Barrasford, at the suggestion of her husband, is to take supreme control of the Lyceum Theatre when it reopens has created great interest, not only in theatrical circles, but among the general public.

This is the first time that a lady has taken the complete direction of a London music-hall, and the result of Mrs. Barrasford's experiment of "running" a house, where a girl without brother or sweetheart or male friend can go without a chaparron, will be awaited with widespread curiosity.

NURSES' DRESS REFORM.

Several changes in the dress of nurses in Lancashire, Cumberland, Westmorland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland have been introduced, one of the reforms being that the dress skirt must be 2in. from the ground.

NO ENGLISH FRUIT.

But England Is Fully Supplied by Foreign Countries.

BANANAS OUST BEER.

A glut of fruit, indeed!

Pears, plums, and peaches in myriads of neat little wooden crates that come from France; barrels of grapes in cork-dust from Lisbon; long, flat cases of magnificent pineapples from Spain; huge melons at 3d. apiece, in bulging boxes, from Alicante and Carajante; the first oranges from Valencia; cylinders of bananas from Teneriffe; tomatoes from Jersey and Portugal; and all the multi-coloured lusciousness that makes the London fruiterers' shops a thing of beauty—these greeted the eye at Covent Garden yesterday morning.

"But where is the English fruit?" asked the *Daily Mirror* in dismay.

The head of a great establishment in the "Garden" shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no English fruit," he said shortly. "Plums have been fairly good—the best of all, in fact. But they are practically done, and nearly all the plums now on the market come from France."

"What about apples?" asked the *Daily Mirror*.

Bad Apple Year.

A gloom settled on the informant's face. "There are no apples," he said sadly. "It will be the worst apple year for a long time past. English people will soon forget what English fruit is like."

"Yet fruit is extraordinarily cheap and plentiful, is it not?"

"It has to be. The demand for fruit has grown enormously."

"However much fruit is sent to Covent Garden, of whatever kind, it all sells, and this so-called glut is only the supplying of a real demand."

"I believe it has much to do with the wave of temperance."

"Where, a few years ago, a man had a drink, he now quenches his thirst more effectively with two pennyworth of juicy fruit or buys a banana."

"But the fruit is foreign, while the beer is English, so it cuts both ways!"

Striking Statistics.

After all, the trouble which is attending fruit-growers cannot be wondered at when the great disadvantages against which they have to fight are taken into consideration.

The chief trouble is caused by the unfair and unreasonable rates charged by railway companies.

One of the best instances of this is given in the Blue-book on the fruit industry published yesterday.

From Marden to London is forty-eight miles. Fruit takes twenty hours on the way, the carriage costing 10s. a ton.

In France, from Noyon to Boulogne is 128 miles—a journey which takes twelve hours and costs 7s. 6d. a ton!

The rate for sending cherries 135 miles on the Great Western Railway is 30s. 3d. per ton—to send cherries 142 miles in France costs 8s. 11d.

During the last twenty years there has been an increase in acreage under fruit—Kent increasing from 16,984 to 27,620 acres.

But in Wales and in Scotland several counties show a large decrease.

In the Channel Islands there are to-day 573 less acres under fruit cultivation than in 1885.

SPORTSMEN'S COMPLAINT.

French Army Manoeuvres Have Cleared a District of Game.

A curious result of the French military manoeuvres in the south-east of France, says a correspondent, is the almost total destruction of game at the very outset of the shooting season.

The unhappy hares, rabbits, and partridges, driven hither and thither by the marching battalions, drop exhausted in the fields and are picked up by the soldiers, who welcome this addition to their cuisine.

Those escaping the military fare no better, for they are shot or trapped by camp-followers.

The shooting community grumbles furiously, but to no purpose, for the army cannot manoeuvre among standing crops, nor in winter, when the days are short.

LONDON'S LACK OF MOTOR-BARGES.

Sir Christopher Furness, who has arrived at Rotterdam on a tour of inspection of foreign ports, has been greatly impressed, says Dalziel, with the quick handling of cargoes by means of motor-barges, of which the port of London has none.

THOROUGH-GOING PREMIER.

To encourage South Australian industries, Mr. Price, the new labour Premier, has ordered a complete set of clothing from an Adelaide firm, so that when delivering the Government policy speech he will be able to say he is clad from head to foot in Australian-made clothes.

IRISH GOLD MINE.

Promising Result of the First Week's Active Mining Operations.

Mining operations have now been in progress for over a week in the Donegal gold-mine, and far the results are said to be highly satisfactory.

At first the work progressed somewhat slowly owing to the quantity of loose clay and the surface thrown up by the miners of bygone years, but these difficulties have now been overcome. Another cause of delay was a cave discovered when a shaft was being sunk, which had to be filled. This had a door of oak, which was apparently years old.

During the blasting operations quartz of most promising nature has been thrown up, and South African and Australian experts who have visited the mine have given the most encouraging opinions.

It will be some time before the vein which is expected to provide the best yield is reached, but machinery is now being installed, and within a few days enough quartz will have been extracted to enable the crushing to be proceeded with.

ADVANCE IN TELEGRAPHY.

G.P.O. Have Great Expectations of New System for Transmitting Messages.

The General Post Office authorities are expecting much improved results from the installation of Murray instruments to carry on the telegraph work, or a portion of it, between London and Dublin.

Its advantages over the Wheatstone method twofold. In the first place the perforation of paper tape is effected by mechanical means instead of by hand; secondly, at the receiving station perforations are reconverted into ordinary printer's letters very rapidly by a mechanical process.

Experiments with the new system between London and Edinburgh have proved highly satisfactory.

"PEARLIES" OUT OF FASHION.

Far-Reaching Effects of a Storm in the Island of Tahiti.

Mother-of-pearl exporters in Tahiti find their occupation gone owing to a change in London fashions, which had a peculiar origin.

In January, 1903, a terrible storm swept Tahiti and caused the death of 150 divers. I don dealers in shells, believing that supplies would be stopped, instantly put up their prices, with the result that those responsible for fashions in dress decided a change in the mode from mother-of-pearl buttons to those of metal.

Tahiti trade recovered from the destruction caused by the storm, and now efforts are being made to get back the London trade.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

Village School Closed as the Result of Official Parsimony.

Children in the pretty village of Clitheroe having a happy time.

There is no school, or rather the school is closed in a fit of economy. The local county council, when they took over the school, reduced the salary of the schoolmistress from £90 to £80.

Thereupon she at once resigned. Although vacancy has been widely advertised, no application has been received for the post.

Hence the joy of the children.

REVENGE OF THE HORSES.

Brighton Mails Transferred from a Motor Car to a Farmer's Cart.

Another accident, fortunately unattended by personal injury, has occurred to the newly-inaugurated motor-mail-vans, which ply between London and Brighton.

About a quarter to four yesterday morning, of the ponderous vehicles, laden with parcels and letters, was speeding down a slight declivity, Hassocks, Sussex, when it ran into a ditch.

It was found impossible to extricate the car, after assistance had been obtained. Eventually, a farmer's cart was chartered, and the mails taken to Brighton, arriving some hours late.

MOTOR-CAR NEARLY A JUGGERNAUT.

An old Hindoo woman, says the Central News, adopted a most alarming method of bringing property dispute before the attention of the Governor of Bombay.

As he was motoring from the Council Hall yesterday, the woman threw herself before the car, and had a narrow escape of being killed.

BRAVE OFFICER'S TRAGIC END.

Feared Financial Troubles More
Than Battle.

"DARE-DEVIL FIVE."

A brave soldier of distinguished service—the hero of a remarkable poem in "Punch," entitled the "Dare-Devil Five"—has just met with a pitifully tragic end.

Colonel Frederick Meyer Wardrop, C.B., who displayed magnificent gallantry in the Egyptian war of 1882, shot himself at his residence, near Paddington.

His last sad message was to his wife, whom he always called "Wee."

Forgive me (he wrote), my dearest Wee. I went mad yesterday, and I don't want to be in the madhouse all my life.

The story was revealed at yesterday's inquest at Paddington.

M. F. D. Bolton, M.P. for North-East Derbyshire, identified the colonel as an old friend. Witness last saw him alive a fortnight ago, when he complained of pains in the head and was very dispirited.

Depressed by Monetary Losses.

Recently he had sustained heavy pecuniary losses, and this apparently affected his mind.

The Coroner: He was not in such a condition that you could say he was of unsound mind?

Mr. Bolton: Oh, no.

Witness identified the note left by the deceased, addressed to his wife, as in his handwriting.

Mary Wardrop, the widow, said her husband had lately been troubled about financial matters, and had threatened suicide.

For some years when anything vexed or worried him he was wont to threaten to end his life.

The sad discovery was made by Annie Turner, a servant of the colonel. She said the latter rung



COLONEL WARDROP.

his bell at ten on Saturday morning, and she took him his shaving-water.

He said he did not want any breakfast, that he could not eat any, as he had had such a "bad, restless night."

He went out, and returned shortly before one in the afternoon. He entered his study. He was afterwards called to lunch, but made no response. The door was locked.

Turner looked through a window into the study, and saw him lying on a sofa apparently lifeless.

Dr. J. H. Jarvis, London-street, W., said death was due to a gunshot wound in the left breast at close quarters, and the jury returned a verdict of Suicide "whilst temporarily insane."

It was only two years ago that Colonel Wardrop retired from a military career, which he had adorned by his bravery and by his great abilities.

When the Egyptian war broke out in 1882, he was appointed as A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley. In the actions of El Magfar, Kassassin, and Telek-Kebr he maintained the highest traditions of his calling.

Five Dislodged the Enemy.

The Nile Expedition of 1884 found him serving his country with great distinction, and in the following year he was present at the battle of Abu Klea, where he acted as quartermaster-general.

It was at the last-named encounter that he achieved the act of bravery for which he was handed down to fame in the poem of "The Dare-Devil Five."

At the head of a party of four he dislodged a large portion of the enemy which had been harassing the British column for eighteen hours.

This he achieved by successfully feigning an attack on the flank and the rear alternately, until by his strategy the enemy was forced to retire from its position.

Colonel Wardrop was exceedingly popular in Austrian military circles, and both he and Mrs. Wardrop were great social favourites wherever they went.

During his career he served as military attaché at Vienna, Bucharest, Belgrade, and Cetinje.

Among the Orders conferred on him were those of Franz Josef, of St. Michael of Bavaria, the Star of Roumania, and the White Eagle of Servia.

HUMAN OSTRICH.

Woman Swallows Miscellany of Hair-pins and Needles.

One of the most remarkable cases on record of a woman swallowing extraordinary articles with suicidal intent is reported by Mr. Harold H. R. MacLeod, surgeon of the Salop Infirmary.

She was admitted to that institution, where first her thumb was amputated, and since then she had been much depressed, but was able to return home.

She, however, became worse, and it was found she was suffering from an internal tumour.

The patient, becoming alarmed at her condition, then admitted to her husband that three weeks before she had begun a system of swallowing various articles with suicidal intent, adding that "he was such a good husband to her she felt she could not do enough for him."

She was operated upon, with the result that the following remarkable collection of articles were taken from her body:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 32 Hairpins. | 4 Horseshoe nails. |
| 19 Nails. | 4 Screws. |
| 17 Fragments of glass. | 2 Coins. |
| 14 Needles (damning and otherwise). | 2 Pieces of chalk. |
| 5 Safety-pins. | 1 Hook. |

The woman succumbed to the operation a few days afterwards. A photograph of the articles is given on page 8, with the permission of the "Practitioner."

"GIVE US BREAD."

Pitiful Story of an Irish Clerk's Struggle Against Starvation.

A pitiful story of disillusionment was told the Clerkenwell magistrate yesterday.

Joseph Lavin and Bridget Lavin, his wife, were charged with stealing and pawning linen and bed-clothing from the rooms they occupied as furnished apartments.

Believing that he could make a fortune in London, Lavin, who is a clerk, left Ireland twelve months ago.

"I have only been able to do three months' work in that time," he said, "and my wife was starving. When the goods were taken we had not had a morsel of food to eat for three days. We slept without bedclothes."

"I went to the landlord, and said, 'For God's sake, give us a loaf of bread.'"

Stating that they had intended to restore the property, they were remanded.

"MY FRIEND THE DUKE."

Voluminous Correspondence with Noble Names Found on Arrested Suspect.

The police believe they have effected an important arrest in the person of Donald Macfarlane, who appeared yesterday at Marylebone on the charge of being a suspected person.

Macfarlane, it was stated, was seen to receive letters addressed to the "Rev. Donald Macfarlane" at a shop, and on being arrested was found to be in possession of various letters.

These letters were recommendations to influential families, including the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Andrew Lang, Sir George Williams, and Lieutenant Lord Innes Ker, who were asked to assist the man named in the letter. Correspondence cards headed the Rev. Donald Macfarlane were also found on him.

Macfarlane admitted writing the letters, and was remanded.

PRETTY GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

Jumped Into the River Because an Appointment Was Not Kept.

While a young man was standing by the river-side at Twickenham he was startled by an extremely pretty girl with golden hair approaching him suddenly and saying, "Give my love to mother and Albert. I am going to depart from this world to-night."

Immediately she rushed towards the river, and, evading the young man's grasp, threw herself into the water. Jumping after her the young man pulled her out.

It afterwards transpired that her name was Elizabeth Vince, a lady's maid, of Richmond, and that her sweetheart had failed to keep an appointment.

At Brentford yesterday, dressed in a fashionable white silk blouse, a dark blue skirt, and a large white picture hat and long gloves, she appeared to answer a charge of attempted suicide, and was remanded.

POISON FOR STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.

A man, found in an exhausted condition and charged at Thames Police Court yesterday, admitted that he had taken oxalic acid because he had struck his wife and was ashamed of himself.

MILLIONAIRE WEDS.

Exceedingly Quiet Ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

SON AS BEST MAN.

The American millionaire's marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday, was a great disappointment to the crowds of Americans and others who gathered in the hope of seeing something sensational.

Mr. Marshall Field, the bridegroom, who is seventy years of age, is the owner of many millions and the largest store in Chicago; Mrs. Delia Caton, the bride, is a handsome widow of fifty, and a leader of Chicago society. Sightseers were convinced that there would be something extraordinary about the ceremony.

The American tourists, with their handbags and their floating veils, their cameras and their camp-stools, waited in vain from ten in the morning. There were no signs of magnificence.

Even St. Margaret's Church was unaltered. It had not been painted red or hung with Chinese lanterns, or even upholstered by Tottenham Court-road.

And none of the mere sightseers were allowed in the church. Only some dozen or so personal friends were admitted.

Among these were the American Ambassador, by whose special request the Archbishop of Canterbury had granted a licence, and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Two burly policemen and a verger guarded the doors, and an inspector and a small squad of constables protected the other approaches.

Still the sightseers comforted themselves with the thought that there were both bridegroom and bride to arrive. They could be seen from outside, and that was bound to be exciting.

But it was not. In fact, no one believed that the white-haired, military-looking man in the hotel carriage could be Mr. Field.

Inside the Church.

Inside the church there was even less excitement than there was outside. There were no flowers, no choir, no bridesmaids. A wedding could not be quieter.

Canon Henson, the rector, was assisted by the Rev. S. Kirsbaum and the Rev. F. Campbell. Mr. Field's son, who acted as best man, and his grandchildren, who were also there, refrained from throwing rice. The bride, who was given away by her nephew, was dressed in a beautifully-embroidered grey crêpe de Chine dress. She carried a large bouquet, and wore some splendid jewels, presented by the bridegroom.

The ceremony over, the bride and bridegroom had to run the gantlet of the sightseers at the doors. There was no mistaking the principals now, for they had to come out first. The hotel carriage drove up from where it had been waiting, ten yards away, very much at its ease. The millionaire and the millionairess hurried across the pavement, the American cameras clicked, and the excitement was over—what there was of it.

The wedding breakfast was afterwards given at Claridge's Hotel.

HELD OUT AGAINST DEATH.

Child's Valiant Effort To Save His Younger Brother from an Awful Doom.

A boy's gallant struggle to save his little six-year-old brother has just been reported from Giffnock, in Lanarkshire.

The children, whose name was Sawyer, were playing on a quarry, when the youngest lost his footing and fell over a cliff.

His brother managed to clutch him as he fell and clung to him for a long time, holding him suspended over the precipice.

At last he was worn out, and relaxing his grip, his child-brother fell a distance of fifty feet into the water below, never to be seen again.

RAN AMOK IN BARRACKS.

Whilst in the guardroom of the Victoria Military Barracks, Belfast, yesterday, Private O'Malley, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, attacked some of his comrades with a revolver.

He killed Private Johnson and seriously wounded Lance-corporal Windsor, but was disarmed and overpowered by Lance-corporal Booth.

ASCOT CLERICAL SCANDAL.

Another arrest has been made by the Berkshire police in connection with the charge of grave misconduct against the Rev. F. T. Scriven, a curate, living at Ascot, and John Dobson, twenty-one years of age, was remanded by the magistrates yesterday.

An authorised contradiction is given to the report that Sir Ernest Cochrane intends challenging for the America Cup.

CHILD MARTYR.

Sad Episodes in the Life of a Girl Who Died After a Beating.

"That Mrs. Emily Winslade, after systematically ill-treating the deceased for several months, did feloniously and wilfully murder her."

This was the verdict which concluded the inquest at Walton-on-Thames yesterday on Esther Longman, aged fourteen, who died under sad circumstances at the home of her aunt, who is at present under arrest on the capital charge.

Most of the witnesses at the hearing, which lasted two days, were neighbours. One of them, Henry Hicks, said he saw the woman striking the child, and he said she ought to be ashamed of herself. He had seen the girl washing clothes as early as four o'clock in the morning.

Another neighbour related how the girl came to her one Sunday morning saying that she had gone out the previous night to gather wood and could not get any. "I dare not go home," she cried, "and so I stopped all night under a tree and went to sleep." The child's back was black with bruises.

When Mrs. Winslade's daughter came to fetch her, continued this witness, she ran into the front room and hid behind a chair. "I am not going home to be starved," she exclaimed, and had to be taken by force.

She (witness) told Mrs. Winslade that she had better send Esther home to her father, "otherwise you will get into trouble, for the street is all in arms at your treatment of the child."

When arrested Mrs. Winslade said that on the day of the girl's death she found nothing had been done. "I beat her," she added. "She died in my arms."

Mrs. Winslade was committed on a coroner's warrant.

MYSTERY OF A GUNSHOT.

Little Boy Nearly Killed by Unknown Person Over a Garden Wall.

The Leeds police are actively engaged in unravelling the mystery of a shooting outrage on the estate of Mr. H. J. Bowring, Allerton Hall, Gledhow, near that city.

Two boys were playing there when they heard the report of firearms. They saw a flash over a wall near the lodge, and one of them, the son of a gardener on the estate, fell to the ground in a state of collapse.

The bullet had penetrated the left lung and lodged in the shoulder-blade.

The little fellow is in a precarious condition. The fact that the wound was caused by a single bullet and not by gunshot disposes of the suggestion that the occurrence might have been due to sportsmen shooting in the locality, and so far the affair defies all efforts of elucidation.

A WILD NIGHT RIDE.

Coachman Roused in the Night To Drive a Man Who Shot Himself in the Carriage.

The coachman of a Guildford alderman early yesterday morning was aroused by a young man named William Harry Cohen, who has been in the neighbourhood for a few days, and told that he was to drive Cohen to the neighbouring village. He did so, and on arrival the coachman found Cohen dying, with a revolver in his hand. The young fellow died half an hour later in the hospital.

Love troubles are hinted at, and the address on the gun licence found on the deceased was 4, Wrentham-avenue, Kensal Rise.

GRIM HOAX ON A MINISTER.

False Announcement of His Death Causes Intense Annoyance to His Friends.

Undertakers, coal-merchants, and many other tradesmen called at the house of Dr. Duncan, a Baptist Minister, of Gravesend, yesterday, in response to a letter purporting to come from Mrs. Duncan, and announcing her husband's death.

The letter was a malicious hoax by some person unknown, and has caused intense annoyance to himself and his friends.

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Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1905

"MORE LABOUR M.P.s."

THIS is the principal cry at the Trade Union Congress, which began in earnest at Hanley yesterday. "The workers must be better represented in Parliament." It is a cry with which one may sympathise without feeling certain that the Trade Unions are going quite the right way to work.

To begin with, have the Labour M.P.s who sit in the House of Commons done all they might have done to justify their presence there? Compare their efforts with those of the earliest Socialist deputies in the German Parliament. The latter had far more steam. They attracted more attention. They were more desperately in earnest.

Many of us find it hard to discover what are the political principles of the Labour M.P.s. Are they clinging to the worn-out creed of Liberalism? Or are they Socialists? If so, what do they mean by Socialism, and what is their programme? Let them have the courage of their convictions and speak out boldly with united voice.

Another mistake they make lies in treating Progress as a purely working-man's question. They are narrow. They wear a bandage of class prejudice over their eyes. They do not see that in the middle-class there are thousands anxious for progress, far more anxious than the working-man, who is not yet intelligent enough in the lump to understand what a rut England has got into.

Without the middle-class labour will be able to do little or nothing for a generation to come. A united party of Progress and Common-Sense Reform might change the face of England in ten years. Until we form that party we shall get little benefit out of "more labour M.P.s."

H. H. F.

THE APPEAL TO REASON.

An American preacher who had been comparing President Roosevelt to the Founder of Christianity asked plaintively the other day why so much attention was paid to his sermon by the newspapers? He had apparently not noticed that nowadays it is the penalty of a public man, however unimportant, to find themselves reported whenever they have said anything at all out of the ordinary.

For this reason a good deal of publicity has been given to the sermon just preached by a Roman Catholic priest at Preston on Betting. This courageous father took the sensible line that betting is not necessarily a sin. If it were free from deceit, and the chances were fairly even, and the money risked belonged to the person risking it, then there was nothing actually wrong in it.

At the same time the preacher strongly recommended his hearers not to have anything to do with a habit which led so frequently to crime and poverty, and had such a debasing influence upon sport and games. Surely it is a better plea to appeal to people's reason, as this wise priest did, than to indulge in violent rhetoric about the wickedness of betting.

If people can be convinced that it is stupid to bet, and that the consequences of it are nearly always unpleasant, they are much more likely to refrain than if they are told, however loudly, that it is sinful. Most men (and women, too) would rather commit a sinful act, if they thought they could gain by it, than a silly act which they knew would do them harm.

The best argument of all against betting is that you never find a man who has made it pay. Can anyone point to a fortune made by betting, which has not been lost as quickly as it was made? Betting is as sure a way of losing money as standing on the beach and throwing it into the sea.

The tide may return you a few of your coins, and in betting you may occasionally win back some of what you have lost, but the most of your money goes in each case, never to be seen by you again.

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The best of lessons, for a good many people, would be to listen at a keyhole. It is a pity for such that the practice is dishonourable.—*Mme. Swatchine.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE news of Sir Wyndham Portal's illness has caused a good deal of anxiety amongst his friends, for he is now an old man—eighty-three last July—and illness at that age is always more or less serious. Sir Wyndham lost his wife two years ago. He married in 1849, and celebrated his golden wedding very happily in 1899 at his Hampshire place, Malshanger House. He is known all over Hampshire, and is a president or patron of countless friendly societies, charitable clubs, and other useful institutions throughout the county. Sir Wyndham's career has been a very interesting one. He began in the business of manufacturing banknote paper for the Bank of England.

Then he has been a director, deputy chairman, and finally chairman of the South-Western Railway. He was rewarded for his management of the enormous traffic during the South African war by a baronetcy, which was bestowed upon him by the late Queen in 1901. Queen Victoria also sent him a present and a message of thanks "for the personal care and attention which he had devoted to her Majesty's comfort" when he retired from the chairmanship of the South-Western Railway in 1899.

he was on board the *Barfleur*, taking part in the annual training of the Naval Reserve, and was a favourite with all on board. Full of fun, he was ready for any sport that could be had, and was always playing mild practical jokes on the other Volunteers.

Mr. and Mrs. Starkie, who are this week entertaining a large party of young people at their place in Lancashire—Huntrope, Padiham—own a floor, which, though it may not be very large, affords excellent sport, and some very good shots are going to stay with them. Mrs. Starkie is a tall, fair, handsome woman, who dresses admirably. She made a most successful hostess in London this season when she gave a ball, in which she was assisted by Lady Gerard. Lord Royston, Mr. Joliffe, Lady Gwendoline Bertie, and several others are going to Huntrope this week.

Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington are to be hosts next week for Doncaster Races at their pretty place, Chevett Park. Lady Kathleen Pilkington is a daughter of the late Lord Desart, her

well to all her friends, closed and barricaded the doors of her palace, and has never been seen since. She determined that no eyes but her own should know her in decadence, and you may still see in Venice the palace walls behind which she is submitting to old age—without witnesses.

One of the most interesting weddings of the week is that between Captain H. M. Wilson, 10th Hussars, and Miss Barbara Lister, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale, which takes place on Thursday up in Yorkshire. Both the bridegroom and bride are remarkable for their good looks, Miss Lister being a strikingly handsome girl. Owing to the death of her brother, Mr. Thomas Lister, whose terribly sad end in Somaliland last year will be remembered, Miss Lister and her parents have not been seen very much in society lately.

Sir Allan and Lady Mackenzie will remain at Brackley, one of their smaller places on the Glenfleck estate, right through the autumn, and their daughter, Lady Kilmarnock, is with them. In a few days' time they will be receiving the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, who are now up north paying a round of visits.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

If "science proves that man came into existence by the mixing together of atoms," it also proves that there must have been a Great Mixer.

Some people nowadays would have us believe in a creation without a Creator, thought without a thinker, a building without a builder, etc.

Hurst, Twyford, Berks. W. E. TOCHER.

Permit a brief reply to "P. E. S.'s" equivocal remark that but for Christianity science "would not stand where it does to-day."

I agree—it would probably be far ahead [vide Gibbon, Lecky, Draper, Dadson], for the early Christians, from Constantine onwards, did all they could to extirpate it.

It was the dominant Christian power which burnt Bruno at the stake, and tortured Galileo for saying that the earth revolved, and I have met a modern Christian who would avowedly have done the same to Darwin had he possessed the power to do it.

St. Sylvestre, Nice. C. M. C.

THE WITHAM RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

With reference to the accident at Witham which, I see, did not come at all as a surprise to the inhabitants of that town, owing to the fact that they had often seen the swaying of the train as it rushed down the incline, I should like to say that there is a similar very dangerous place on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway line. Just before the train enters Pitsea Junction it swings down a hill with tremendous force, and then swerves round a bend. I have frequently been thrown up against the person sitting next to me at this point, and it seems quite half a minute before the train gains its equilibrium.

It is the opinion of a good many people who travel on this line that there will be one day an accident at this point.

WESTCLIFF.

FOOTBALL MANIACS.

This term, I think, is not an imaginary one. When one's peace (should one reside within half a mile of any big professional club) is disturbed by the best part of three-quarters of an hour by ten or twenty thousand people howling themselves hoarse to encourage twenty-two others to proceed with what may in many cases be called a hacking match, I venture to suggest that time is arriving for supporters of this game to use a little more self-control.

In business houses the larger portion of the employees, week after week, devote their brains to this all-absorbing topic—football, instead of using them for business.

FRED REEKA.

POST OFFICE CARELESSNESS.

I had occasion to send (the first week in July) fourteen boxes of cake from Tunstall, Staffs, some to be delivered in the immediate vicinity, others for London.

Not one was delivered sound. One or two friends received lids only. Others received a few crumbs in broken and smashed boxes, with a piece of string tied round.

H. WHATMORE.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 5.—As though to remind us that soon we must lay our plans for a beautiful spring garden, here are several flowers of the early year peeping up. A sweet bunch of primroses, polyanthus, forget-me-nots, white and purple rock-rose, yellow alyssum, can be picked to-day. How strikingly they contrast with the blooms of early autumn, so wonderfully showy, yet nearly all scentless!

The early-flowering heather (carnes) is covered with buds, while the laurestinus promises to brighten dark days before even the snowdrops are out. Underground; roots are now shooting from the daffodils and crocuses. Summer, without a doubt, is over.

E. F. T.

THE SULTAN'S SAND CASTLE—WILL HE HOLD ON?



The Sultan of Morocco, who has been defying France for the past few weeks, yesterday showed signs of a change of attitude.

Perhaps there was another reason for the late Queen's appreciation of him. He was one of the who helped to make the great exhibition of 1891 a success, and that, in her Majesty's eyes, was a service worthy of reward.

The exhibition was suggested and organised by the Prince Consort, and "dear Albert," as the late Queen loved to call him, was very much attacked in certain newspapers for his idea. It was said that the exhibition would be a dead failure, that nobody wanted a glass palace in the middle of Hyde Park, that it would end in national bankruptcy, and so on. The Prince paid no attention to these querulous criticisms, and calmly went on with his arrangements. As it turned out, the exhibition was an immense success, and his confidence was fully justified. The glass palace of Hyde Park is now the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It is not altogether an enticing object, and Mr. Max Beerbohm once remarked of it that it was a permanent danger to foreigners entering London by the line that passes it—they might put their heads out of the window and catch a sight of it without being prepared beforehand.

Lord Curzon, whose coming of age is being celebrated this week at Gossall, completed his twenty-first year, it may be remembered, on May Day last, but it was thought better that all festivities in connection with this interesting event should take place in the autumn, and at the present time there is a large party staying with Lord and Lady Howe at Gossall in celebration of the event. Lord Curzon is of medium height, and has inherited the charming manners for which his father is so justly celebrated. During the late Cowes Regatta week

stepmother being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bischoffsheim. Lady Kathleen Pilkington was chaplained for many years (until her marriage, in fact), by Mrs. Bischoffsheim. She married ten years ago Mr. Thomas Pilkington, who succeeded to the baronetcy four years ago. She is devoted to animals of all kinds, and possesses some very valuable dogs, which she shows at all the big shows. Her particular favourites are toy bull-dogs.

That is a grotesque idea of the late Signor Tamagno's—to be buried in a glass coffin and exposed for ever to the curiosity of future generations in a tomb above ground. Really the notion that actors and singers suffer from the common failing of vanity would seem to be justified by this proceeding. Not satisfied with being gazed at by crowds of admirers during his lifetime, Tamagno secures, by the elaborate process of embalming, that he shall continue to be admired during the long fixity of death. The idea is worthy of Edgar Poe. Let us hope that it will not serve as a precedent for others.

Perhaps one of the defects of the Italian character is a vanity which is not altogether displeasing. It has a certain naïveté, a simplicity, about it which these charming people give to all their virtues and vices. Sometimes amongst their women the love of admiration takes strange forms. One instance is that of a Venetian lady famous in Italian society for her extraordinary beauty. A few years ago, having arrived at the age when women have to watch the slow decay of their charms without the power to stop it, this woman gave a magnificent banquet, and appeared, for the last time, perfectly beautiful and young. Then she sent cards of fare-

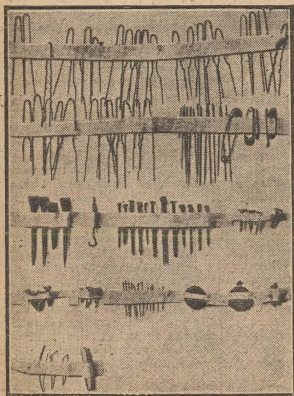
CAMERAGRAPHS

THE LAST YEAR OF BARNET FAIR.



Barnet Fair, one of the oldest of these horse and cattle fairs, is to be done away with. The photographs taken yesterday show: (1) Selling a horse, displaying its merits; (2) a well-known figure at the fair; (3) a view of the lighter side of the fair ground.

A NOVEL DIET.



After swallowing these things, a woman at Salop survived for three weeks.—(By courtesy of "The Practitioner.")

MANCHESTER UNITED v. BLACKPOOL.



Following their brilliant victory over Bristol City, Manchester United defeated Blackpool, by two goals to one, at Manchester. The photograph was taken a minute before Manchester scored the second goal.

THE DAYS

RIOTS OUTSIDE THE CL



Angry demonstrations have been taking place outside the "Abode of" feeling at present that Mr. Smyth-Pigott deems it

DISCOVERY OF



The Glentogher Gold Mine in Donegal, in which for some days a staff of miners engaged. The earlier samples of gold gave and the sec

NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA

CLAPTON "ABODE OF LOVE."



"Abode of Love," the Agapemonites' place of worship at Clapton. So high is local opinion that the reverend father remains in the seclusion of his Bridgewater "Abode."

GOLD IN IRELAND.



Work has been quietly proceeding. Machinery was put in last week, and of excellent results. The first photograph shows the miners at work, entrance to the mine.



NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

KING ALFONSO'S FAMOUS SMILE.



A characteristic snapshot of the young King of Spain, taken last week in the garden of the monastery at Burgos. The youthful monarch called upon the reverend Father before he went to see the eclipse at the astronomers' camp.

INTERNATIONAL ANGLING AT HENLEY.



The international angling competition at Henley promoted by the Silver Trout Angling Society. (1) The 300 odd international anglers leaving the station to the strains of the "Marseillaise." (2) Mr. W. Davis, of London, the first prize winner, whose catch scaled 21lb. 12oz. (3) The president of the French fishermen. Anglers from all parts of England and the Continent took part in this competition.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Street Accident Which Was Foreseen in a Dream.

A SPEAKING CORPSE.

To-day's letters contain a remarkable instance of a dream which came true:—

A PROPHECY DREAM.

Not once, but several times in my life I have had experiences which cannot be classed as other than spiritual:—

(1) As a child of eight I was at a boarding-school at Ramsgate, presided over by two maiden ladies.

Living with them was an aunt, who died suddenly. Her death was kept secret from the boarders, but the same night seven of the youngest, including myself and a governess, heard the curtains surrounding our beds parted, and the aunt looked at each one and smiled.

A friend of mine and myself she stooped and kissed also. I have never forgotten what I felt like when I heard she had died, and knew she must have done this after death.

(2) I went with my husband and two children to Southend for a fortnight, and came home last Monday. While there I dreamt we were back home, and that my eldest daughter had met with an accident. So vivid was my dream that I would hardly let her out of my sight.

She only laughed it off, but yesterday she went to the City on business for her father. I cautioned her before she went to be careful. And, sure enough, my dream came true in every detail.

She was crossing the road and slipped on her back with her legs on the roadway just as a large dray with two horses was passing.

She gave herself up for lost and fainted. When she came to herself she had been carried into a shop and a lady was attending to her.

She has told me not once but several times since that as she fell and saw the horses rearing over her my dream, as I had explained it to her, came back to her. It was an exact representation of what did happen, and she thought instantly, "Mother's dream! Shall I be killed?"

Mrs. W.
St. Ann's-road, South Tottenham, Sept. 5.

A CLERGYMAN DENOUNCES SPIRITUALISM.

Permit me, as a Christian minister, to say that I accept the fact of the supernatural which spiritualists claim, and also believe in their avowed sincerity. I wish respectfully to remind them that it is a fulfilment of a New Testament prophecy, which intimates that it is Satanic in its character, and that it leads away its votaries from the vital truths of religion, as may be seen in the words of St. Paul: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils (Greek: 'teachings of demons') (1. Tim. iv., 1.)"

It is as clearly rebuked in the Old Testament, as in Isaiah viii., 19, R.V.: "And when they shall say unto you: Seek unto them that have familiar spirits and unto wizards that chirp and that mutter: Should not a people seek unto their God? On behalf of the living, should they seek unto the dead?"

Spiritualism, though supernatural, should be shunned as a sin and a peril.

Kentworth. J. IDRISYN JONES.

THE SPIRIT AND THE DOOR.

This week an old lady died in Leamington. She had been a burden to the nurse and the girl whom she lived with for a long while. When the end came and the body laid out at night, the nurse said to the girl: "I feel so tired. We will shut the other room door."

No sooner had they done so than a voice said: "Don't shut me in." Upon the nurse going to the room where the corpse lay, she found "the door open," and that door could not be shut until a joiner came to adjust it. It would not come to by about three inches.

This is a proof we survive what we call death, as we do survive sleep in a dream with a body independent of the physical body. S. BARTLETT, 6, Spencer-street, Leamington.

MAN NOT IMMORTAL.

The very foundation of the belief of spiritualists is proved by the Bible to be a foundation of sand. Biblical teaching is that the soul, or body, is mortal. After death there is nothing till the Resurrection, when Christ comes to reward the faithful.

Biblical teaching is that man is mortal, not immortal, which he would have to be if we believe there is a spirit world. H. WARD, Leabrooks, Derby.

DOES SATAN EXIST?

I distinctly deny that spiritualism is the work of demons or devils. Has anybody any proven facts to show that such a being as Satan exists as a distinct personality? Let opponents prove their case.

If spiritualism is the work of demons or devils, what are these creatures doing out of the orthodox bed? JAS. BRAMWELL, Chalmley-street, Hull.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallance, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallance. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Lord Blaquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blaquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

Swindover had Lord Blaquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was really Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blaquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blaquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

When Dick receives the letter he believes that Sabra had been rescued from the clutches of her enemy. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blaquart and his son their former wealth and splendour.

Swindover, however, would not allow Sabra to do this, saying she could not marry him. Then she went to her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallance, Superior of the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

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CHAPTER XX. (continued).

Once—only once, we looked into each other's souls.

It was a strange position; in a case where much ceremony is made about a marriage, surely a unique position, for bride and bridegroom to be thus alone together on the eve of their wedding-day, with but one short night between them and the beginning of a new life.

Under the circumstances in which those two were to be united, perhaps nothing could seem very strange. They had no thoughts, no fears, no joy; the man had no final vows to make, the woman no final tender prayers to say. All of their union was contained in the marriage contract that they had signed.

And yet Dick, although he had no feeling at all for his bride, save a faint curiosity awakened by the fearless eccentricity of her behaviour, could not quite escape the strangeness of the situation. It gripped him; it filled him with an intense wonder as to what they two were going to make of life, and with an intense bitterness at the thought of what might have been. It filled him, too, with the soul-blighting knowledge that what he was buying was dust and ashes, as far as he was concerned, and that he was simply sacrificing himself for his race. And over everything was spread, like a film, the atmosphere of mystery that the whole personality of Fay Swindover exhaled, like some faint perfume that haunted one's nostrils, but that one could never recognise.

The girl seemed totally unmoved. When she and Dick were alone in the room she left her post by the fireplace, where she had been standing like a statue ever since the signing of the document, and, crossing the room with her slow, deliberate step, took a cigarette from a big golden box and lighted it. Then she came back and sat down in a great high-backed chair.

The Spanish leather and the carved oak made her look wraith-like. One would not have been surprised to see her sink through the solid body of the chair and disappear. Contrary to her usual custom, she was magnificently dressed. The gown had voluminous skirts and a long train, and was fashioned of rose pink velvet embroidered in gold, and over the rich fabric were draped veils of chiffon, shading from deep sunset pink to a pearly grey, and giving the effect of an opalescent cloud. The whole was lemmet with a broad band of embroidered gold embroidery. The bodice was cut very low, and there were no sleeves, but shoulder-straps of diamonds and floating draperies of chiffon veiled the upper part of the thin arms. On her neck she wore one of her father's wedding presents, a necklace of enormous rubies and diamonds, with great pear-shaped pendant drops, an overwhelmingly gorgeous ornament, that covered her throat and breast with such a fiery brilliance that it was almost trying to rest one's eyes upon it. Her hair was dressed as usual in a stiff, outstanding aureole, leaving the narrow, intellectual forehead exposed, and pinned up behind with a diamond comb in the shape of a crown. And on her finger shone the great engraved emerald that every Dangerville was bound by immemorial custom to place on the finger of his bride.

All this gorgeousness she had put on to please her father, who had read of the signing of marriage contracts between royal persons, of the gorgeous toilets and uniforms and the splendour of the

surroundings, and had gone about for the last few days proclaiming in a loud voice that no union of crowned heads was of more importance than the marriage of his daughter and of his millions with the beggared heir of the proud house of Blaquart de Balliol.

So Fay, with a contemptuous smile, put thousands of pounds' worth of jewels round her neck, but she could not and would not alter the frozen face above them, or the strange agate eyes, that had weighed everything in the balance and found the fairness of her youth and the wealth of the world worth nothing at all.

Dick Dangerville advanced towards her with a somewhat embarrassed mien. He presumed that her staying in the room meant that she had something to say to him. She had never sought his company before but once, when she had sent for him to tell him, with a faintly amused smile at the idea of her even pretending to consult anyone about her movements, that she was going to Germany for a time to stay with some friends to whom she wished personally to announce her marriage.

She had left the next day. Dick had seen her off at the station. Being a typical Englishman, and hating fuss of any kind, he had been slightly contemptuous of the following with which she travelled, and had felt something like a wild beast on show at a menagerie as the special steamed out of the station, and the crowd followed him, open-mouthed, into the street.

She had stayed away ten days, and on her return had sent for him again. After that they had ridden once or twice together, and Fay had driven him in her automobile, and they had attended several tiresome functions given in their honour. And that was the sum total of their intercourse up to the eve of their wedding-day.

Dick had no fault to find with her. Her manner was perfect and she had been received with open arms, and responded immediately by establishing a most discriminating exclusiveness. Her social position was secured; everybody was only too eager to forget that she had a father. Everybody who had been invited was coming to the wedding tomorrow. They were very few; the cream of the county; a few of Dick's personal friends, and several people with very long names who were travelling from Berlin, Vienna, and Buda-Pesth, and would not arrive until the very morning of the ceremony. For once all these people, for whose feet Samuel Swindover would spread his own garments to tread upon, would be gathered under the

millionaire's roof as his guests. For once he would touch the limit of his strangely small ambition, small compared with what he had achieved, and yet vast as the wildest and loftiest dreams of men, because eternally out of his grasp. For his daughter had not the power to make Swindover a social success, and, if she had had it, she would not have used it. He had long ago recognised this, and determined to reach his ambition through her. And her marriage was the first step towards its fulfilment.

As Dick came nearer to her chair, as she sat silent, with her eyes fixed on the fire, Fay made a little movement with her hand, indicating a chair opposite to hers.

"I am sure you are glad that all this fuss is over," said the young man in a hesitating voice. "I am afraid you are very tired."

"I am glad of this opportunity of speaking to you for a few moments," she replied. "To-morrow will be pandemonium, I feel sure. I want to say this—I mean, I want to be quite sure that you understand. After to-morrow, when my father and brother have left the castle, I want you to feel that it is absolutely yours. You will want to have all these monstrous restorations, or whatever my father calls them, pulled down, and your home made to look like itself again. And you will want to lead your own life. I do hope you understand how entirely your own your life will be. It may be idiotic and even impertinent of me to say so, but I feel, I have felt all the time, that perhaps you do not quite understand. What I propose is this. We have successfully opposed all attempts to thrust a honeymoon upon us through simply following the rule of your family that every Dangerville must spend the first days of his married life in this place. Well, I will stay for a little while—I hate gossip, and I know that you do, although I should never allow it to interfere with my life. Then I shall go away for several months, probably for the whole of the spring. So, you see," she added, with her strange, cynical, mysterious smile, "that I don't propose to get into your way."

"But," said Dick, hesitating first, and then proceeding rapidly, "don't you think that it would be rather strange?"

Fay's smile grew more openly sarcastic. "I do believe," she said, "that you are thinking of the world."

"Not so much of the world," he answered
(Continued on page 13.)



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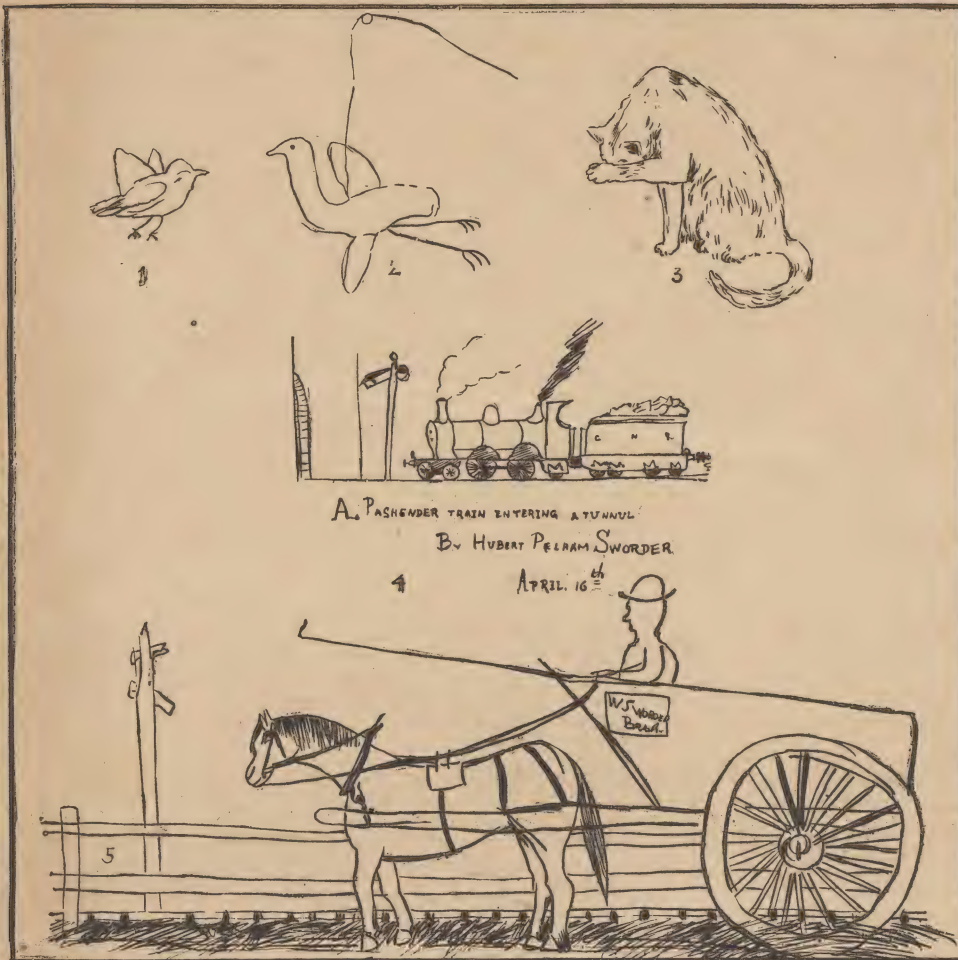
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IMPRESSIONISTIC ART BY CHILDREN.



These remarkable drawings are by children of from seven to twelve years of age. Under the instruction of Mr. T. W. Ablett, of the Royal School of Drawing, children are trained to draw from momentary observation. The first two pictures are by absolutely untaught children, twelve years old, who were shown a bird flying. No. 3 is the work of a little girl of eleven, Miss Evelyn Hirst, and Nos. 4 and 5 are by Master Hubert Pelham Swarder, aged seven, after instruction by Mr. Ablett.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The Latest in Birth Notices.

From yesterday's "Times": JONES.—On the 2nd inst., at Cae-Clawdd, Sanderstead, Surrey, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Roger Jones, the loan of a son (Victor Rowlett).

The Reading Age.

What is the reading age? Figures from the chief librarian at Cambridge Free Library, quoted in "The Quiver," tend to show that the literary appetite is most voracious between the ages of fourteen and thirty. Taking new borrowers for last year, we find that there were forty-three under fourteen years of age; 173 between fourteen and twenty; and 174 between twenty and thirty. From that age the reading capacity shows a remarkable diminution. There were only fifty-nine borrowers of between thirty and forty; twenty-seven between forty and fifty; fifteen between fifty and sixty; and fourteen over sixty.

Why Komura Prefers a Bowler.

Baron Komura, who signed the peace treaty with Russia yesterday, prefers a bowler to a silk hat, to which he has an insuperable aversion. During his stay in America as a student he often visited New York City. As a Government-sent student it was proper that he should wear a frock-coat and a silk hat whenever he went out on the street. One day, wishing to have a Japanese dish, he went out to buy some meat. The butcher gave it to him in a paper package. As the Baron did not want to carry it in his hand on the street, he put it under the high hat on his head. Forth he went on Broadway toward his boarding-house, with an air of perfect unconcern; suddenly the wind rose and knocked the hat off his head, simultaneously causing the meat to be dropped on the sidewalk, to the great amusement of a young lady who was passing by.

Novel Cricket Match.

A curious cricket match is to be played on the historic green at Kew to-day. A Mr. Pring, who died many years ago, left a sum of money to be devoted to the encouragement of a love of cricket among the boys of the royal village. Prizes are given to the best batsman, bowler, and fielder.

Many Questions—Little Money.

The seeker of a situation worth £1 a week under an Essex Board of Guardians must give satisfactory answers to the following questions, among others:

Are you married?
When do you get up in the morning?
Do you understand book-keeping?
Are you a total abstainer?
Are you a trade unionist?
Is your health good?
Have you been vaccinated?
What church do you go to?
What is your religion?
Have you been promised this job?

Whisky Galore.

The quantity of whisky in warehouse in Scotland at the close of the last financial year was, says the "Glasgow Herald," 121,778,039 gallons, an increase during the past twelve months of 381,000 gallons, and of 11,750,000 gallons in five years. In English warehouses the stock had decreased by 630,000, and in Ireland the stocks were 1,500,000 gallons less than during the previous year. During the past ten years stocks in England have been increased by nearly 1,000,000 gallons, in Scotland the increase was 87 per cent. for the decade, and in Ireland they have been reduced by 500,000 gallons, with the net result that the total quantity in bond in the United Kingdom is 165,000,000; ten years ago it was 108,000,000.

End of An Old Inn.

The London Apprentice Inn on the Thames at Isleworth is to disappear, and a modern hostel will take its place. The hostess, Mrs. Kemp, surrenders possession this week. This interesting old inn was built in 1400, and Henry VIII. often partook of its hospitality. Among its other noted guests were Lady Jane Grey, Charles II., Nell Gwynne, and George I.

Welshman "by Extraction."

A good story of the veteran Lord Chancellor, who has just attained his eightieth birthday, is told by the "Grand Magazine." Before he became Solicitor-General he was the leader of the South Wales Circuit. He fought very strenuously a case on behalf of a Welsh public authority, and amused his listeners by the ardour with which he identified himself with the local interests. "Come, come," interposed the Judge good-naturedly, "you must not argue too much in that strain. You cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman, you know." "Perhaps not," returned Mr. Hardinge Giffard, "but I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time." "Well, well," replied the Judge, "we may call you a Welshman by extraction."

What's in a Name.

Kensal Rise, which is up against Crossmen murders and trunk tragedies, is not the only place that has sought to change its name owing to the number of murders in the locality. Rugeley, the little town in Staffordshire where the famous Dr. Palmer murders were enacted, petitioned the then Prime Minister to have its name altered. The Premier of that time was Lord Palmerston, and he promised to grant their request if they would compliment him by adopting his name, calling it Palmerston-town. But they didn't.

YOUR NERVES

Facts, Suggestions, and Advice for Those Who Are Run Down and Who Feel Unequal to the Demands of Their Daily Duties.

Are your nerves right? Have you plenty of energy, go, and vigour? Or are you suffering from lack of nerve force and vitality? Do you find that you shrink from responsibility, or that you are wanting in pluck in difficult or trying situations? If so, your work and even your recreation is putting a heavy strain on you and robbing life of its brightness and pleasure. But it will not stop here. The strain on your nerves will at last become intolerable, and nervous breakdown is simply a matter of time.

HOW THE NERVES BECOME DISORDERED

Every moment in the day the body is being worn away, and at the same time it is being constantly renewed, and it is even said that the tissues, bones, muscles, and organs are completely renewed once in every seven years. Physical exertion wears the muscles away, and worry, anxiety, study, and the strain of business life wear away brain and nerve tissue. Obviously, both muscular and nerve tissue needs to be restored by rest and food as fast as it is worn away, and if you are thoroughly healthy and not overworked this goes on automatically. In many cases, however, the exertion, either of body or brain, is too intense or too prolonged, and the result is that the wearing away process goes on faster than that of replacement. Physical or mental breakdown consequently ensues. This is the simple explanation of the way in which the nervous or muscular system gets out of order, and it is our object here to explain the method by which the nervous system may be renewed and nervous collapse prevented.

HOW YOU FEEL

You feel wearied, worn out, depressed, languid, irritable, and every effort you have to make is a worry and a nuisance. Probably you cannot even sleep properly at night, and when you rise in the morning you feel just as tired as you did the night before, and you would give anything to feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous again. There is really only one way you can do this, and that is by rebuilding your worn-away nerve tissue. Stimulants will not help you, but make you worse and nervous breakdown more certain, and general tonics will not help you because they will not renew the lost nerve tissue.

Everything seems to go wrong

REBUILD YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM

This is the keynote to successful treatment of all nervous troubles. If your nervous system is thoroughly restored and once again made healthy and vigorous, the clouds of mental depression will lift and you will feel ready and eager for work and recreation. Bishop's Tonules have been prepared for this very purpose. They embody the special elements worn away under mental strain, so that it is obvious they will do for you just what you want. Bishop's Tonules do two things. First, they supply new matter to replace that which has been worn out, and, second, they assist the nerves and brain to assimilate the necessary nutriment from the ordinary food and drink. This is why they are used and why those who have used them praise them so enthusiastically.

Miss M. Hall writes:—"I send you this note to let you know how much I esteem Bishop's Tonules. I do not as a rule go in for advertised medicines, but knowing that your preparations are prescribed by physicians, and that they are of a tried Bishop's Tonules for neuroasthenia of a very pronounced character, and they have done me an enormous amount of good."

COMMENCE THE TREATMENT TO-DAY

There is an old proverb that "Procrastination is the thief of time," but it is the thief of many other things besides time. Procrastination robs men and women of money, comfort, and health, and there are few matters in regard to which delay is so dangerous as in questions of health. "To-morrow will do" says thousands on a sick-bed every year, and many complaints which fasten themselves on sufferers for life might have been avoided by a few days' or weeks' treatment when they first showed themselves. If your nerves, comfort, and health are not waiting till to-morrow. Get your supply of Bishop's Tonules now, and commence the treatment at once. Another day's delay means a day's more discomfort and a day longer for the nerve-wearing process to continue.

Send for a vial, which will be forwarded for 1s. 1d. post free within the United Kingdom, or larger size for 2s. 6d., by Alfred Bishop Ltd., 48, Spelman-street, London, N.E.; also from Chemists and Drug Stores at 1s. and 2s. 6d., together with booklet on "Nervous Disorders." Alfred Bishop, Ltd., are always pleased to supply any further information our readers would like to have.

Only address.

D.D. The Bishopsgate Distillery and Wine Co. **D.D.**

ESTABLISHED 1745.

48-49, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.
Nearly opp. Suburban Entrance G.E.R. Station,
FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE AND SPIRIT HOUSE
OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.

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deliveries in Town or Country. Write for History of House
with full Price List, sent gratis on mentioning this paper.

THE PARTRIDGE SEASON—RECIPES FOR COOKING THE SUCCULENT BIRD.

GAME IN THE LARDER.

SEPTEMBER PROVENDER AND NEW WAYS OF SERVING IT.

Another game item is now added to the poulterer's bill of fare, namely, the partridge.

Many epicures declare that, like grouse, it is at its best when served plainly roasted with its correct accompaniment of bread sauce, good gravy, and fried crumbs; but as this method is so well-known let us discourse concerning recipes more elaborate and less universal.

SALMIS OF PARTRIDGE A L'ANCIENNE.

INGREDIENTS.—Two partridges, half a pint of brown stock, two small onions, two strips of lemon-peel, four large tablespoonfuls of brown sauce, half a glass of claret or port, two cloves, pepper and salt, croutons of bread.

Truss the birds as for roasting, larding them with three rows each on the breasts. Half roast them, taking great care that they are only partially cooked.

When cold cut them in neat joints and remove the skin. Peel the onions and stick the cloves in them. Lay the partridge in a stewpan or casserole, add the stock, sauce, lemon-peel, and shallots.

Cover the pan and let the contents simmer very gently till the gravy is reduced to about one-third. Whilst this is being done put all the trimmings from the birds with a spoonful of stock in a mortar and pound as finely as possible. Next rub through a fine sieve. Add the purée thus made to the other ingredients in the pan.

When cooked arrange the pieces of bird neatly in the centre of a hot dish. Add the claret and seasoning to the sauce, boil it up quickly, and strain it over the partridge. Arrange the croutons round the edge and serve very hot.

PARTRIDGE SALAD A LA RUSSE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three partridges cooked, one pint and a-half of aspic jelly, half a pint of good brown sauce, one gill and a half of mayonnaise, one gill of cream, one ounce of glaze, one glass of sherry, two tablespoonfuls of bottled peas, one tablespoonful of shredded cucumber, one lettuce, two tomatoes, stick of celery, seasoning.

Coat a plain border mould with aspic jelly. Cut the birds in neat pieces and remove the skin. Warm the sauce with the glaze, wine, and half a pint of the aspic. Strain the sauce and mask each piece of bird with it completely. When this has set, pour over a little plain aspic to give a glazed appearance. Mix the mayonnaise with the rest of the aspic, which must be only warm, not hot.

Add the peas, cucumber, and the cream slightly whipped. Season this carefully. Pour this mixture into the mould and let it set. When cold, turn it out on to a pretty dish. Arrange the pieces of partridge tastefully in the centre, putting round a border of carefully-washed lettuce, heaps of shredded celery, and quarters of tomatoes. Serve it as cold as possible.

GATEAU OF PARTRIDGE.

INGREDIENTS.—Three-quarters of a pound of any cold remains of partridge, two ounces of lean cooked ham or bacon, one small onion and carrot, three tomatoes (small), sprig of parsley, one and a half pints of stock, three-quarters of an ounce of sheet gelatine, two hard-boiled eggs, truffle (if convenient), salt, pepper, nutmeg.

Remove the bones and skin of the partridge. Put these trimmings with the stock, bacon, sliced vegetables, and parsley in a stewpan. Simmer them for about three-quarters of an hour.

Strain off this stock and season it rather highly.

Let it cool and remove all grease. Dissolve the gelatine in a little water, and add it, also a little glaze or caramel if the colour seems too pale. Coat a plain mould with this mixture, decorating it with hard-boiled egg and truffle, setting these decorations with more of the jelly sauce. Cut the

flesh of the birds in neat but not too small dice. Mix it with the egg cut in a similar manner, and pack it into the mould, but not too tightly.

Pour in as much of the jellied stock as the mould will hold. When cold, turn it out and serve it with chopped aspic round or salad.



The early autumn makes the three-quarter coat a necessity. Shown above is a model, carried out in snuff-brown tweed, with a collar striped with dark brown leather. The back view of the coat shows it neatly belted and decorated with large brown leather buttons to match those worn in front.

"KASKARENES" VERSE COMPETITION RESULT.

The following verse has been adjudged by the Directors as the best one set in, and a cheque for £4 4s. 0d. has been despatched to-day to the Author, J. Crocker-Abbott, Esq., B.A., Hartwell House, Kill, co. Kildare.

"KASKARENES"
"Perfection!"

"Perfect in action," and "perfectly pure!"

"Imperfect Digestion," they perfectly cure!"

Whilst for "Stomach and Liver," the Public agree—

"KASKARENES," are, as perfect, as perfect can be!"

From J. Crocker-Abbott, Esq., B.A., Hartwell House, Kill, co. Kildare, 1890.

Other verses will be selected from time to time, and on appearance a postal order for 2/6 will be sent to the writers.

"Kaskarenes" are the ideal remedy for Constipation, Liver Complaints, Biliousness, etc., and can be had from "Kaskarenes," Ltd., 11, Holborn, London, E.C., at 2/9 and 4/6 per bottle.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S

Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction, Sleepless Nights, Neuralgic Headaches and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVEINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1d. or on receipt of stamps to 15, St. George Street, Norwich.

On Serving Fish.

When preparing Fish, remember that a dainty sauce is an added relish. Do not make your sauce with ordinary wheat flour. The delicate neutral flavour of

Brown & Polson's 'PATENT' Corn Flour

makes it far and away the most desirable thickening.

If you don't use Fels-Naptha like ordinary soap, but use it in the much easier Fels-Naptha way you'll have nicer clothes and cleaner house with less expense of either labour, cash, or time. Every bar of Fels-Naptha proves this.

To find out how great a help Fels-Naptha soap is, give it one fair trial.

If not satisfied, shopman returns your 23d at once.

Real Thrift is exercised by using Fels-Naptha soap.

No copper fire, no undue wear of clothes.

To-day's way is easier, quicker, better than the old way.

Fels-Naptha will do a day's clothes-wash in about half a day.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

frankly, "as of my bargain. It seems as if—as if—" His stammering words ended in silence. Any attempt to explain what he really meant could be nothing but an insult.

"I know exactly what you mean," said the girl, "but your bargain is made with me, and if I absolve you from all its conditions, or any of them, that's my affair."

Dick flushed hotly.

"I was thinking of your father," he said apologetically.

"You mustn't think of him," she retorted calmly. "It is no good thinking of him. He could never understand. It would be like expecting a deaf man to hear, or a blind man to see. You have done what he wanted; that is all. So now we quite understand each other, don't we? At best it is an uncomfortable arrangement for you, but we will make the best of it."

He looked at her as she sat there, so white, so unconcerned, so business-like, and yet so acutely full of vitality. She was more mysterious than ever to-night, he thought. Through her half-closed lids

he seemed to see a dreamer light than he had ever seen in her eyes before. She was a human being, but she throbbled with some life that he did not comprehend. She was full of magnetism, but it was a magnetism that repelled him. But, above all, she perplexed him; she was incomprehensible to the point of exasperation.

"You may understand me," he said, speaking on a sudden impulse. "There is nothing easier. I am an ordinary common or garden fool who hasn't the courage to accept his family's ruin, and I am taking this means to get back what I have lost. There's nothing obscure about that. And you're giving me all this, and you claim nothing at all—so it seems I score all round. But you!" His voice betrayed plainly the impatient curiosity that possessed him. "What are you doing it for? How am I to understand you? You don't want my name, or anything that I can give you—and yet you're going to be my wife, to give up your youth, and all the things you ought to have, and the man you might one day meet—I can't express myself properly, but I know what I mean. What in the name of all that's wonderful can you be doing it for?"

Fay leaned forward a little. Her eyes were fixed on his face. They were open now, and he saw a

blaze of light in them, a scorching fire, an illuminating radiance, almost as dazzling as her gems.

"You were engaged to a girl," she said, hardly above a whisper, "weren't you?"

He nodded in amazement.

"She was the woman of your choice—you cared for her, she meant all the world to you?"

"How do you know?" he asked roughly.

"I have heard things—I put two and two together. Well, your engagement was broken off, was it not?"

"She gave me up," he said between his teeth.

"And that was why you made up your mind to marry me," said the girl quietly. She had inherited, it seemed, her father's gift of probing with one glance deep into a human soul. "Is that not true? Answer me."

"It is true," said Dick.

"You loved someone—and you lost that one, and you didn't care what you did."

"Yes." The word came from his lips like a groan. His torn and lacerated heart lay bare before him; he saw it throbbing with the agony of eternal longing, of eternal regret.

"Well," said Fay, suddenly veiling her eyes; "so did I."

(To be continued.)

ship of Switzerland will take place next Tuesday, September 12.

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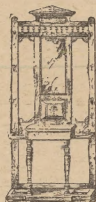
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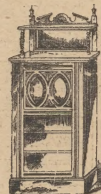
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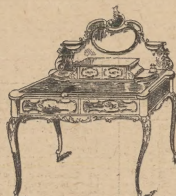
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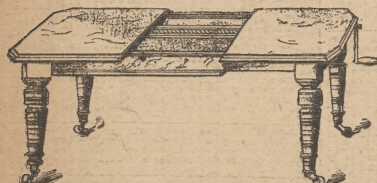
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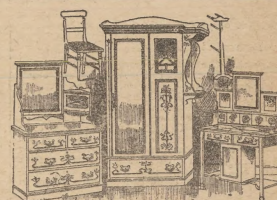
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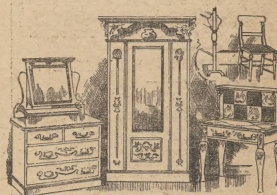
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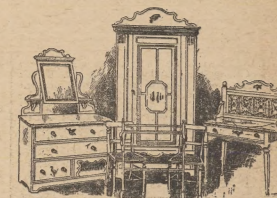
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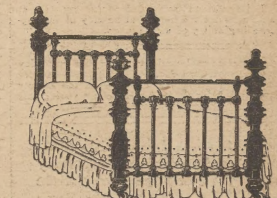
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